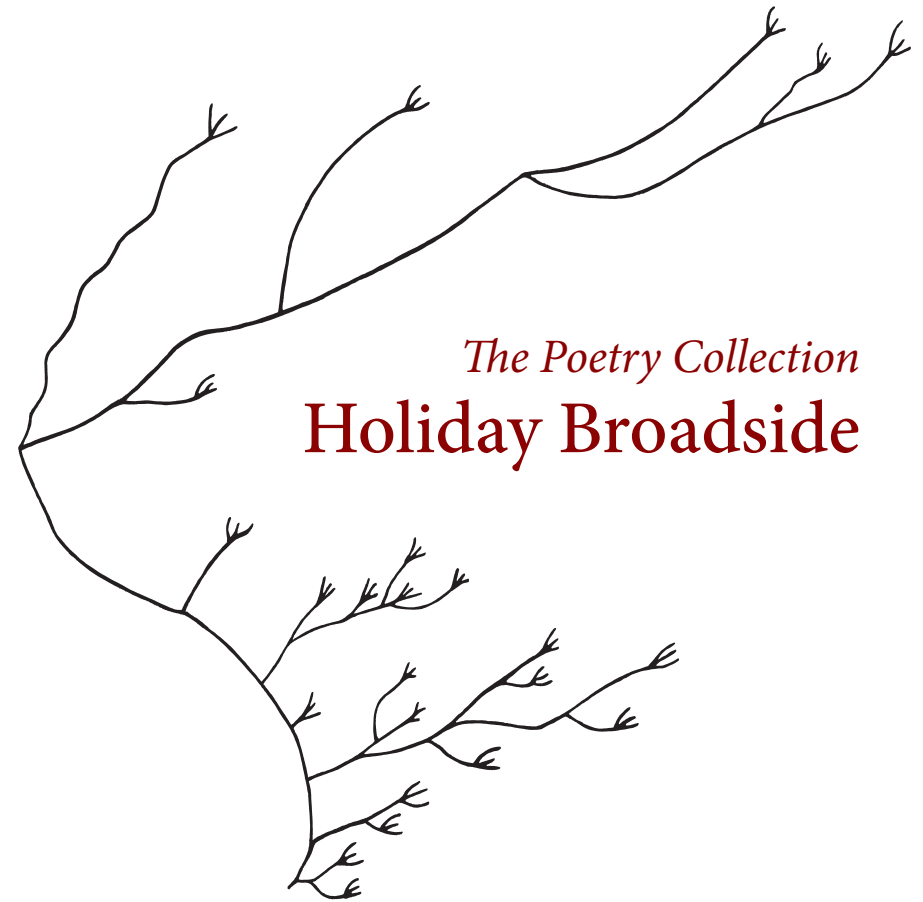


December 2021

These six poems, influenced by 4-line Chinese *kanshi*, originally published in *Look at That Dog All Dressed Out in Plum Blossoms* (Night Crane Press, 2002), and the cover art by Gail Sher, are reprinted from *Gail Sher Poetry & Poetics, 1980-2020* (Night Crane Press / The Poetry Collection, 2020). The Poetry Collection's Gail Sher Collection (PCMS-0080) includes manuscripts, notebooks, correspondence, photographs, artwork, documentation of her published work, and many of the journals in which her work appeared. A full finding aid is available in the University at Buffalo Libraries Archival & Manuscript Collections database. There is also a Gail Sher Digital Collection that contains downloadable copies of almost all of Sher's poetry books and journal appearances as well as audio and video recordings of interviews, readings, and discussions. To learn more about these collections, visit [library.buffalo.edu/collections/gail-sher](http://library.buffalo.edu/collections/gail-sher). Since September 2020 Sher has been presenting a series of talks on the teachings of Shunryu Suzuki-roshi and Zen Buddhism. The video recordings of these *Dharma Talks* are available at [gailsherdharmataalks.com](http://gailsherdharmataalks.com).



*The Poetry Collection*  
**Holiday Broadside**

 University at Buffalo  
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Featuring Gail Sher

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*Snail breeze on a shaft of moon*

A dawn moon awakens me, softly softly, its waning light.  
Dew sparkles on the cobweb-veiled grass.  
Still in my nightgown, I carry my dream to the blue porch rail.  
Neither dew nor dewy cobwebs dull the song of birds.

*“Let’s go, babe!” says my dad a snapshot later*

Pale rain – daisies drink you sumptuously.  
Sun peaks out behind your silky curtain of beads.  
I wander through my garden, crocus and trillium asleep.  
Have you stopped? No. Yes. For a moment I thought so.

*Asleep but easily startled*

Fishing along the quiet, unfrequented banks of the river.  
Cryptomeria grove dark, even as late as noon.  
A sudden rain, a breeze. A butterfly investigates my lunch.  
“Hello!”  
Like the poet I wonder, “How long will lovely days like these last?”

*“The sudden moon alarms mountain birds”*

After diving into red lotuses, a cormorant soars over clear water.  
Feathers sleek, fish in beak, it stands erect on an old drifting log.  
Poet, you describe the water bird with such accuracy and passion,  
yet isn’t it the log you have come to feel is yourself?

*In numinous light the river raptly tranquil*

My small room has an eastern exposure. Cool in summer.  
Warm at dawn.  
A pair of lovebirds purrs iridescence throughout  
the long quiet night.  
Creamy roses, richly fragrant, merge their scent with  
the throbbing mist.  
A friend cut some and presented them to me in a vase.

*Back from fishing*

Acrid yet fresh. Life fresh. (That certain not-yet putrid.)  
Boat, body, bay, all dressed in it.  
Can I wash it off? Herons can’t.  
The sea’s insignia, in blood till death.